



AUGUST, THURSDAY, AUG. 31, 1848.

THE BIRCHES OF MAINE.

Among the useful trees in which the forests of Maine abound, there is a very useful family or species, called, in common parlance, the "birch." We will not now enter into a technical or scientific description of this genus, our object being merely to call attention to them on account of some of their useful properties. At some future time we may take up the subject more systematically. The common white birch (*Betula Alba*) is the best known, because it is the most hardy, and presents itself most often to the sight. It is a sort of pioneer among trees, and is generally the first to make a settlement in any uncultivated grounds. It is not so very particular as to its location. It is a pine plain cleared of its wood by the axe or fire, up comes the white birch by thousands, and in a year or two the "nakedness of the land" is hidden by its masses of dense foliage, restless and quivering in every breeze, and contrasting in a striking manner with its white trunks, standing so thickly together that a rabbit cannot always escape between them. If it is cold, hard, ledgy pasture, or side hill, it "puts in" just the same wherever it can thrust in a root or hook itself around a boulder, while it puts out its runners in search of a spot of earth from which it can pump up a scanty amount of nourishment while leaving. The breeze and the storm oftentimes shake it with no small fury as they sweep over the cliff or precipice to which it attaches itself. Perhaps some low lands, during the drought of summer, have been burned, either accidentally or designedly, and the dark and blackened surface lies unprotected from the frost and wintry winds. The first thing you see is the white birch peeping above the turf, its pointed tops changing the dreary prospect, and gaily pointing upward as they grow and become a shelter for other species of plants and woods that follow in their rear. In all these situations, the dry bark, the bleak mountain, the sphagnum bog, the brawling brook or limpid pool, all become clothed or skirted with this hardy and indomitable tree. It is the first to come and the last to go; for although it is not a long lived tree, yet long after the tree is dead, its trunk and its branches stand up, growing whiter by age, still erect, as if in defiance of Old Father Time himself. It seems to be embalmied by its own integuments, as the bark which contains an empyreumatic oil will resist the progress of decay, and present a whole surface, even after the wood within has become a dry, rotten mass. Several species of this tree present this peculiar white color and peculiarly indestructible properties of the bark. The uses to which this species are put, in the arts, are not very numerous. The green branches make excellent tough whips, and rods from branches are sometimes used in the chastisement of unruly boys, and many a man, in his maturer years, has reason to remember, perhaps with gratitude, the timely and wholesome application of the "birch," by which, through the tribulation of the outer man, the inner man was trained to obedience and the practice of principles of justice and rectitude. As it does not grow very large, it cannot be put to any of the uses which require heavy timber. It has a light, smoothly grained texture, and is manufactured into handles of axes, knives, shafts of hobbins and spools, shoe pegs, &c. &c. It also makes very good fire-wood when seasoned. Before it has undergone the seasoning process, it is not so valuable for this purpose, unless one is in want of the kind of fuel which *Coffee* engaged the farmer to bring him—that which would catch quick, burn quick, and last a good while. The bark answering the first requirements, and the sappy inner wood carrying out the latter.

We do not know how far south this species is found, but believe that its northern limit is up to the point where vegetation ceases on account of the intense cold. At any rate, we have traced its growth, on ascending our highest northern mountains, through all gradations, from full stature at the base, and regularly diminishing, as you ascend, until you find it in a miniature form so small that you can put a full grown tree, roots and all, into your snuff box.

It is seldom cultivated as an ornamental tree, and yet, when growing in clumps or thickets, it makes a pleasing appearance in ornamental grounds. It may be used to advantage, when grown in hedge rows, as screens—or for hiding some uncouth or disagreeable object from view—but its lack of size precludes its cultivation singly as a shade tree.

THE FIRST IN A GOOD RACE. Old Massachusetts established the first school, the first academy and the first college this side of the Atlantic; also the first printing press, the first newspaper, made the first iron, the first cloth and the first paper. The Boston Courier says she invented *Yankee Doodle*, and we know she bred the first Yankee, and breeds them yet.

LESS TRAVEL. It is remarked by those who know that there has been thus far less travelling this summer than during many previous ones. Cause why? Scarcity of cash.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD. This is a phrase given to express the means by which slaves on the borders of slave and free states are helped off to Canada. It seems, by reports from southwestern papers, to have had a good many passengers recently.

DUTY ON MEAT. The French government are hard pushed for funds. They have voted to re-establish what is called the *octroi* duty on meat sold in Paris, and which used to bring in a revenue of six millions of francs. What should we think if every ounce of meat we eat was taxed with a specific duty? Shouldn't we turn *Grahamites*?

PLENTY OF FISH. The "south shore" papers state that the fishermen of the Grand Banks have done an excellent business this season. If the potato root doesn't stop, we shall have more fish than *leters* this year.

NOMINATIONS. At the Franklin Whig Convention held at Phillips on the 24th instant, the following nominations were made: For Senator, Robert Goodenow; for Clerk of Courts, Charles M. Morse; for County Commissioner, Thomas Parker; for County Treasurer, Winthrop Norton; for County Attorney, Ezra Kempton, Jr.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

To all Teachers of Free Schools, male and female, within and for the County of Kennebec: You are hereby notified, that the Teachers' Institute for this county, will be held at Augusta, at State Street Chapel, to commence on Monday, the sixth day of November next, under the joint instruction and control of Messrs. SEAVEY and TORSEY, well known in this community as successful and accomplished instructors.

It was the intention of the legislature, in the enactment of the law, by virtue of which this institution was created, to afford to the teachers of our free schools an opportunity of assembling together, once a year, under the tuition of men of learning and experience, to become better acquainted with the art of teaching, the different modes of school government and school discipline, in fine, to learn every thing necessary to be learned, in order to fit them fully for their high and noble calling.

Much good is also to be anticipated from these annual meetings, in the opportunity afforded to teachers, of communicating with each other the various results of their own individual experience. One teacher may be celebrated, and justly so, in one department of his art, and vastly deficient in another. He may know how to communicate knowledge, and yet have no adequate idea of school government. Another may be a perfect disciplinarian, and yet wholly ignorant of the first rudiments in the art of teaching. By bringing these different individuals together, and inviting them to a free interchange of sentiment and opinion, mutual benefits may be conferred, and desirable results expected. It is so in every other department of knowledge, why should it not be so in this?

The mechanic arts men do not fall upon great improvements at once, nor are the most wonderful inventions struck out by solitary minds, unaided by the experience of others. An untutored man is not apt to become a benefactor of his species in the way of invention or improvement.

The result of a similar experiment in other states, and the little experience we have had in our own, have already taught us that these institutes, if properly conducted, are calculated to elevate and improve the character of our teachers, and in so doing to elevate the character of the state. Let every good citizen therefore cheerfully lend his influence, in the promotion of so good a cause.

R. H. VOSE, M. of the Board of Ed.
Augusta, August 24, 1848.

N. B. By virtue of the authority conferred upon me by a law of the last legislature, I appoint the second Tuesday in November next, at 10 o'clock A. M., as the time, and Augusta as the place, for the next meeting of the convention of the Superintendent School Committees of the county of Kennebec.

R. H. VOSE.

NOMINATIONS. At the Free Soil Convention held at Fayette on Tuesday of last week, the following nominations were made: For Representative in Congress, Ezekiel Holmes of Winthrop; for Senators, Henry K. Baker of Hallowell, Ralph Butler, Jr., of Augusta, Moses Tice of Fayette; for County Treasurer, Elihu Robinson of Augusta; for County Commissioner, Benj. H. Cushman of Winthrop; for County Attorney, Joseph Baker of Augusta.

TALL CHALLENGER. Mr. W. Norton, Jr., of Marlboro' Mills, speaking of Burt's newly invented pail or gingham loom, challenges the whole United States and the continent of Europe to beat it. In one week, one of the weavers in the aforesaid mills were nine hundred and thirty-eight yards, forty-eight picks to the inch. Not long ago it was thought impossible to weave gingham with the power loom; now they can weave it faster than anything else.

A VETERAN CULTIVATOR. An old man (sixty-three years of age) was recently arrested for stealing a carpet bag. He confessed his guilt and stated that he had spent thirty-one years of his life in a state prison. Crime is costly to all concerned. It has cost this man the comforts and social enjoyments of thirty-one years. It has cost the state the expense of guarding and supporting him thirty-one years to prevent his committing more crime in that period.

NOMINATIONS. At the Franklin Democratic Conventions held at Farmington on the 19th instant, the following nominations were effected: For Representative in Congress, Moses Sherburne; for State Senator, William Tripp; for Clerk of Courts, A. B. Caswell; for County Attorney, Joseph A. Linscott; for County Commissioner, Sumner Russell; for County Treasurer, Edward Butler.

SCALPED BY A LION. William Wombell, nephew of the proprietor Wombell's menagerie, had a narrow escape last week. A lion and lioness had been recently purchased and added to the collection, and young Wombell, during an exhibition, entered their den, as is now the custom, to show his command over them. They instantly seized him by the neck and tore the scalp off the back part of the head. They were finally beaten off, but it is thought he will not recover.

TWO SCAMPS MARRIED. A Pennsylvania paper says that a young scamp in Reading dressed himself in woman's clothes and went with another scamp to a priest and were married. They paid the priest with a counterfeit note. They should commence house-keeping in the state prison.

NOMINATIONS. The democrats of Oxford have made the following nominations: For Representative in Congress, Elbridge Gerry, of Waterford; for Elector, Edward L. Osgood, of Fryeburg; for Senators, Philo Clark, of Turner, James H. Farnham, of Rumford, and James Hobbs, Jr., of Fryeburg; for Clerk of Courts, Wm. K. Kimball, of Paris; for County Attorney, Charles W. Walton, of Mexico; for County Treasurer, Nathaniel M. Marble, of Paris; for Commissioner, John Walker, Jr., of Lovell.

LITERARY TOWNS. It is stated in the Courier, that in the town of Winslow, in the State of New Jersey, containing a population of only 500, there are 338 newspapers and periodicals taken. We dare say they are prosperous in proportion to the knowledge thus obtained.

A BIG BEAST. A mastodon of the tallest kind, or rather the bones of one, was found in Warren, Miss., not long since. His tusks were between seven and eight feet long, and his length eighteen feet. Most of the bones crumbled on exposure to the air. A track was found in a rock, supposed to be his; by him when it was in a soft state, that measured eleven and three-fourths inches long, and seven and three-eighths wide.

WHO OWES THE BRIDGE? There has been trouble and a fight at the famous foot bridge, constructed by Mr. Ellet, at Niagara Falls. Mr. Ellet claims the tolls as belonging to him, he having constructed it for his own convenience. The Directors claim the toll as belonging to the company, and so they have had a fight about it. The business is suspended and the matter referred to the lawyers for adjustment. The law's delay will delay the bridge, and the delay of the bridge may prove its destruction.

TEST OF REFINEMENT. A writer for the Model Courier at Saratoga lays it down as a fact that every really refined lady or gentleman speaks to a servant as kindly as to a friend. That's a good test. Where there is no kindness at heart you can find no true refinement.

IMPROVEMENT AT HURL GATE. Hurl Gate, or, as it is vulgarly called, Hell Gate, at the entrance of New York harbor, has been examined by Capt. Davis of the U. S. coast survey, who reports a method of improving the navigation there by blasting some of the rocks and by erecting piers, with wooden faces upon them.

STOPPING THE WHOLE. The authorities of Pittsburgh recommend to stop all the factories in that place until spring, because the operatives are so *rancantorous rinfous*.

STEEL PENS. More than 130 tons of steel are annually made up into pens, and it is calculated that two hundred millions of pens are made. They are the dearest pens that are used; and a gold pen is the cheapest.

GREAT BRITAIN FOR SALE. The great steam ship Great Britain, is offered for sale at auction on the 11th of September next. She has been an unlucky craft from beginning to the present—or, in other words, there has been bad calculation and bad management of her.

EXPORTS OF FLOUR. The number of barrels of flour exported, from the first of Sept. last to the first of August, to Great Britain and Ireland, is 178,782—the year before the amount was nearly three million barrels.

LOTS OF PIPE. More than 150 miles of pipe have been laid down by the London gas company, for the purpose of accommodating the city and the people with gas lights.

A FRIEND IN THE JERSEYS. The board of foreign missions, connected with the Presbyterian church, have received a communication enclosing \$2000 from "a friend in New Jersey." We should like to have a few such friends in the Jerseys.

AN OLD BIRD. That old Eagle that was perched on the triumphal arch under which Lafayette passed in Washington, has been given to M. Vattmare, the national exchanges man. It is fifty years old. If Vatt were kept half a century longer, it will be a patriarch among the Eagles.

NO PROFITS. We are told that many of the cotton factories in New England and elsewhere are making no dividends now. That at New Market has made none for six months past.

PASSING AWAY. Dr. Knox thinks the Gypsies are dying out.

VERMONT APOLO. The ship of the line Vermont, that has been so long in building, will be launched about the middle of September. She will be a stately ship, and we hope will never disgrace her name.

PROSECUTING THE BARBERS. The barbers are prosecuted in Philadelphia, for breaking the Sabbath by shaving people on that day. They defend themselves by quoting John Wesley's doctrine, that cleanliness was next to Godliness, and that it was bringing them forward in that way by shaving and making men less wolfish.

RAISING THE WIND. John C. Shepherd of New York, has invented a bellows for household purposes, that goes with a crank, and turns out the wind like a small tornado.

STEAM VERSUS OIL. A patent has been taken out for using steam as a substitute for oil in manufacturing or carding wool. We don't know how it is used—perhaps by driving a flock of sheep through a steam engine.

FEMALE M. D. A writer in the Model Courier is out against female M. Ds. He says he shouldn't like to have his wife called out in the night to visit another man.

TOADS DOING. Our friend Howard, of the Albany Cultivator, settles the question of the Prairie Farmer, whether toads sing, for he has both seen and heard them. Query. Do they sing in dog-days?

CHOLERA IN SCOTLAND. A vessel entered a sea port in Scotland, having lost its captain and several of the crew with cholera, and fears are entertained that it will spread there.

DR. STEWART. Rev. Dr. Stuart of Andover theological school has resigned his Professorship on account of ill health.

KNIT STOCKINGS. These very convenient appendages to the legs were first seen in England during the reign of Henry VIII. Queen Elizabeth had a pair presented to her as a very rare and acceptable present.

WOULDN'T BE A MERCHANT. A correspondent of McMillan's Courier says if he had fifty sons he would discourage any leaning in them towards mercantile pursuits. He says that not more than one in a hundred of the merchants of New York retire on an independence, nor then either until they have passed once or twice through bankruptcy.

NAVAL PROFESSORS. The Professors of Mathematics in the naval school are reduced to twelve in number and rank hereafter as Lieutenants.

PIEDMON LOOKING UP. C. C. Wheeler, of Canada, writes to the editor of the Eastern Mail as follows: "Mr. Samuel Bezie, of this town, informed me a few days since, that he owns a sow that had, on the 29th of March last, 21 pigs, and on the 10th of the present month she had 21 more, making in all 42 pigs, in a little less time than five months. They were not, of course, all of them kept, as they could not be fed by one mother profitably; those that were kept are fine specimens of the hog kind. One of my neighbors has one, (of the first litter, of course,) that will, at this time, dress 150 lbs."

SPLINTERS. Gen. Shields having declined the appointment of Governor of Oregon, Gen. Lane has been appointed.

Mr. Dodge, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on a charge of purloining money from the mail while postmaster at Frankfort, has been pardoned by the President and set at liberty, having been incarcerated about four years.

The late cool weather in this section is said to have checked the potato rot. "If nothing splits," there will be some—we can't say how many—good potatoes raised this year.

Seventy sugar mills have been made this season in Cincinnati, and shipped South. They cost from \$3000 to \$5000 each, making about \$350,000 for the seventy.

Rev. A. Kallach of this town, and Samuel K. Smith of Portland, have purchased the Zion's Advocate establishment. Mr. Wilson retires from the chair editorial.

Rev. Mr. Fletcher of Lowell, has been suspended from the ministry for courting two girls at the same time!

Hon. John C. Spencer will deliver the annual address before the New York State Agricultural Fair.

The body of Mr. Young, drowned at the dam in this town on Monday last week, was found on Saturday and buried on Sunday, with the honors of the Order of the Sons of Temperance.

Thanksgiving in New Hampshire on the 16th of November.

According to an article in the Montreal Herald, the population of Upper Canada has increased 300,000 in five years—that of Canada 70,000 in four years.

An exchange paper says:—"It is said that sole leather has seldom, if ever, been lower than for a year or two past." It is always lower than paper leather.

The editor of the Baltimore Sun, has seen a sow which gave birth to a litter of twenty-four pigs.

The Comanche Indians threaten trouble upon the Western frontiers of Texas.

A fire occurred in Windsor, Vermont, on Wednesday last week, which destroyed property to the amount of \$6000.

The Rev. Mr. Burton, one of the City Missionaries, of Boston, in a circular which he has put forth in relation to the subject of licentiousness, says that there are in the city, hundreds of houses for prostitution, that the number of unchaste females is thousands, and "by far the larger portion of them come from the country." Girls, beware.

Pickpockets are as plenty in Boston as huckleberries are in some portions of the country. Every day.

The Bostonians have fixed upon the 13th day of October for the celebration of the introduction of Long Pond Water into that city.

A dancing master has been made by the printer to offer his most respectful thanks to his patrons. Not the thing to a t.

Large quantities of counterfeit gold are in circulation. Look out for it, ye who deal in filthy lucre.

The Salem Advertiser states that a man in that city, 90 years of age, saved 30 cords of hard wood last month, most of the work being out in the hot sun.

A vagabond friend of ours, says the Worcester, Mass., Budget, attempted to count the sleepy heads in church the other day. He reached as far as fifty, and then—fell asleep himself.

A Free Soil State Convention is to come off in this town on the 27th of September.

Hon. J. W. Bradbury addressed the Democrats of this town on Saturday evening last, relative to things political.

Second Lieut. Charles Simmons, of this town, has been promoted to first Lieut. of the 9th regiment of Infantry.

The Lynn News advises people who want teeth inserted, to attend to steel some fruit where a good dog is on guard.

General Pecker is nominated Prussian Minister of War. It is doubted whether the army will stomach the appointment.

A destructive fire occurred at Montpelier, Vt., on the 23d instant. Nearly half of the business portion of the village was destroyed.

A machine for ruling paper on both sides simultaneously, has been invented at Pittsburgh.

Peaches are selling in Cincinnati at 40 cts. per bushel.

Gen. Samuel Fessenden, the Liberty candidate for Governor, was nominated for Congress at a Free Soil Convention held at Gray, in Cumberland County, the 16th inst.

The Belfast Signal says the Magnetic Telegraph is in progress of construction through that town.

The Lincoln Congressional Democratic Convention at Wiscasset on Wednesday, nominated John D. McCrate for Congress.

West's great painting of Christ healing the sick, was exhibited in this town last week. It is a splendid painting.

The Atlantic steamer from New York is said to have taken out upwards of \$50,000 for the use of the Irish agitators.

THE LEARNED FISHER. A friend who was in Hingham yesterday, took occasion to visit the little girl, who, it was said had succeeded in taming the fishes in a pond at that place, so they would eat out of her hand. He found that the stories which had been related in relation to these fishes, had not been exaggerated. The little girl, who has thus acquired a control over the otherwise usually shy inmates of the water, is about seven years old. She is small of her age, and a very interesting and intelligent girl. She goes to the edge of the pond, with a piece of bread in her hands, and calls her pets, in her childish, though musical voice, "pouty, pouty." The fish in the pond, principally brown-pouts with some pickereel and other fish, immediately follow the beck of their mistress, and receive from her hand the food which she has provided. They seem not to be in the least afraid of the little girl, but suffer her to handle them without moving. One large pout, in particular, seemed considerably attached to being patted and stroked on the back. With a view of testing the tameness of the fish, the mother of the little girl took a piece of bread, and went to the water's edge. The fish came forward and yearned, but probably discovering that it was offered by a stranger, immediately darted away. [Boston Journal.]

MAINE. Gov. Hill, of New Hampshire, visited Maine last month, and has published an account of his observations in his Monthly Visitor. He says:—"The state of Maine is destined in its whole dimensions to become the state of the greatest wealth and commerce along the Atlantic coast of the Union."

Speaking of Penobscot county, which he visited, he holds the following language:—"Considering how large a portion of the upper country from Bangor remains yet in forest, the soil invariably growing better as we go farther into the country, how well watered with bays indenting the seaboard all the way, with the largest rivers of New England with their numerous tributaries coming from extensive lakes near their sources—considering that nearly all the land is feasible, easy of cultivation and of great strength, it will be difficult to fix a boundary to what the state of Maine may be in a century hence."

In another place he says:—"We have said that the state of Maine is destined to become the most commercial and the wealthiest state in the Union upon the Atlantic coast. We repeat the opinion. The severity of a northern climate is not to be a serious obstacle to this consummation. Her climate is well adapted to her soil; and when denuded of her immense growth of forest pines, both climate and soil unite to make her the most desirable country to be settled purely for the most profitable and the most enduring agriculture."

KEEPING COOL. We have seen numerous articles in newspapers describing various methods of keeping "cool" during the sultry days and nights of midsummer. Nothing, however, has equalled the method practiced by the ladies of England and other parts of the Atlantic Turkey. The *modus operandi* is thus described in the "Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess":

During the hottest months, when the thermometer is often at the height 130 degrees Fahrenheit, the ladies wear a silken garment or chemise, "à la bouchure," or slippers, but no stockings. At night it is the custom to sleep on the terrace, at the top of the house, the open air, the ladies, the children, and the domestics having their separate terraces. Strange as it may sound to European ears, it is by no means an uncommon practice with the ladies in Bagdad, in the months of July and August, to sleep in their night-dresses in cold water, which is slung up, for this purpose, in skins, in order to keep them as cool as possible. Having done this they put them on, wringing wet, and again retire to their beds of palm-branches, to enjoy refreshing slumbers. Notwithstanding this practice, rheumatism, so prevalent in England, is rarely heard of in that country.

SPLIT PEAS. In an Eastern city a cabinet-maker employed two Germans as porters to deliver his furniture. One day he loaded his cart with a bureau, and gave directions where to take it.

"And by the by," said he to one of them, handing him a shilling, "on your way back get a pint o' peas."

"They stayed an unusual time, and when at length they did return, it was found they had enormous 'bricks' in their coats."

"Why you German rascals," roared the angry boss, "are you both drunk?"

"Yaw," said one of them, "you gift us ter shilling to buy pint a piece; we tink him and we ate so drunk ash took turkies."

CHICKEN WITH A HUMAN FACE. We have heard, says N. O. Deland, a good deal of talk, during the last few days of a chicken with a human face, at the house of Madame Martin, Code street. We paid no attention to the droll stories which we heard, but the female rogues in Philadelphia and New York, determined to see for ourselves. At the place mentioned, we saw a chicken having instead of a head, a nose and mouth exactly conformed to those of the human face; the nostrils, separating nostrils, lips, tongue, chin, and ears, were all there. It was indeed a most singular human nature.

DEATH BY STABBING. A letter from Capt. J. Steele, of ship Antares, of Boston, to his brother in Portland, dated Bombay, June 18, says:—"Mr. Edward S. Osgood, whose parents reside in your city, was killed by a blow with a knife, which he survived but a few minutes. The murderer had been on shore the day before, on liberty, and was undoubtedly struck under the maddening influence of liquor. Mr. Osgood was an excellent officer, in all respects. We leave the murderer here, in prison, awaiting his trial." The person named was the son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Joshua B. Osgood, Esq. He was aged about 30 years. [Portland Advertiser.]

PRICE OF LIFE. There is a law in this state which holds railroad companies peculiarly responsible for deaths on their roads. Under this law, Mr. Howard, father of the young man who was killed in May last, by collision near Herkimer, applied for damages, and the company offered to pay his expenses and 3200 besides. The offer was accepted. [Albany Journal.]

CAUSE OF THE CHOLERA. A letter from St. Petersburg, published in the London Literary Gazette, states the following singular fact, which may lead to discoveries in relation to the cause of the alarming disease which is again threatening to invade Europe:—"When the cholera broke out here, the atmosphere was so charged with electricity that the electric machine would not emit any sparks; and a magnetic needle which generally raises twelve pounds of iron, could with difficulty raise four pounds weight."

NOISE OUT. There is said to be a runner for a boat at Philadelphia who goes on board an opposition steamer and commences snuffing. "What do you snuff?" some one inquires. "Dead bodies," is the answer—"they have died of the small pox." Then off he goes for the other boat, followed by all the frightened voyagers.

A young man of about twenty-five years of age, named Samuel Rially, was drowned in our harbor yesterday morning. He was engaged in carrying ballast in a small boat on board the fishing schooner *Aron*, of this port, when the boat was swamped. There was another person in the boat with him, who was saved, but Rially never broke her head, he could be rescued. His body was afterwards recovered, and taken to Kittery, Me., where he belonged. [Gloucester Telegraph.]

POTATO DISEASE IN WISCONSIN. The Potato Disease is exhibiting itself in this vicinity, and in some form the same disease is reported from Mr. John T. Morey, of Pike, which week ago appeared to be in a flourishing condition, is now almost worthless. The roots and tops being in process of decomposition, renders a near approach to the field exceedingly unpleasant.

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

A letter in the Journal of Commerce gives an account of the sufferings of the people the last season. It says:—"We Newfoundlanders have passed a most trying winter—hundreds of families have subsisted, during the season, on an allowance of half a pound of corn meal a head, per day. Had it not been for this, we have good grounds for stating, hundreds must have died of utter starvation."

Numbers even at this time are living in a state of the deepest distress and wretchedness—without food,—without clothing, and without credit. Last year we had poor fisheries and almost a total failure of the potato crops, so that not only a few families have been reduced to beggary, but whole communities—yes, every part of the island has felt the smart."

THE DEAD SEA. The Bibliotheca Sacra for the present month has an interesting article from the pen of Professor Robinson, on the depression of the Dead Sea below the Mediterranean. Of this depression several estimates are given, varying from 500 feet to 357. There are different estimates also of the depression of the Lake of Tiberias below the Mediterranean, varying from 84 to 756 feet. The flow of the Jordan from Tiberias to the Dead Sea is about 60 miles. It has no natural outlet, its current is rapid and silent, yet there is room in the 984 feet of its descent for three cataracts, each equal to Niagara in height, still leaving to the river an average fall equal to the highest portion of the Rhine, including the cataract of Schaffhausen. The Robinson calls the attention of European Governments and Geographical Societies to these remarkable phenomena, and recommends more accurate surveys, with new efforts to solve the problem. [Boston Bee.]

SICKNESS. Our town is visited at this time with a distressing epidemic, (the dysentery,) which is very prevalent, and often fatal. A large number of deaths have already occurred, and many now ill are not expected to recover. It is hoped that the recent favorable change in the weather will serve to check the disorder. [Gloucester Telegraph.]

PAINTED ACCIDENT. The Windham stage upset on Tuesday forenoon last, near the town of Windham, and one of the passengers, the wife of Mr. Noyes, painter, of Portland, had her jaw broken.

The fire at Albany originated in a singular manner. It appears that while a woman was washing her face in a tub in her room, without a moment's thought, she jerked it from her head, and threw it she knew not where; unfortunately it alighted in the stable of Wm. Johnson, which, in a moment, almost, was enveloped in flames, and burning fast.

THE BANGOR WHIG. The Bangor Whig of Thursday, Aug. 17. The fire communicated to another barn and shed and dwelling house, all of which were consumed. No loss estimated. The policy had expired the day previous.

COUNTRY GIRLS, BEWARE. Within a few days, two cases have come to the knowledge of the Police, of young girls from the country who have been enticed into brothels at the instigation of cabmen or of persons who are employed by the keepers of houses of ill-fame to procure victims. [Boston Times.]

There is a single field of corn, twenty-two miles below this city, which contains sixty thousand acres! It belongs to different individuals. [Cincinnati Atlas.]

GREAT TRAVELING. The Bangor Whig of Wednesday says—"The State of Maine, on her trip to this city yesterday, took from Portland eight hundred and forty-one passengers, and had eighty-five way passengers, making her whole number for the trip nine hundred and twenty-six."

HOW TO POISON YOURSELF AND FAMILY AT SECOND HAND. The Calais Advertiser gives a singular account of the poisoning of a family of eight persons, in that town last week. The house being infested with rats, a quantity of poison, arsenic we suppose, was prepared to destroy them. The rats ate the arsenic, and feeling very thirsty used to bring up the poison, ran to the water pail. The poison was communicated to the water, and the family made use of it the next day. The whole of them were taken sick, but fortunately the drug was too much

The Muse.

THE DISENTHRALED.

By J. G. WHITTAKER.

He had bowed down to drunkenness,
An abject whorl;
The pulse of manhood's pulse had grown
Too faint and cold to stir;
And he had given his spirit up
Unto the useless dirge.
And bowed to the poison cup,
And glared in his face,
There came a change—the cloud rolled off,
And light fell on his brain;
And like the passing of a dream
That cometh not again,
The shadow of the past
He saw the girl before—
He shuddered at the waste behind—
And was a man once more.
He shook the serpent folds away
That gathered round his heart,
As shakes the swaying forest
The poison-vine apart;
He stood erect—returning pride
Grew terrible within;
And conscience set in judgment on
His most familiar sin.
The light of intellect again
Along his pathway shone;
And reason like a monarch sat
Upon his golden throne.
The lower and the worse more
Within his presence came;
And lingered off on lovely lips,
His once forbidden name.
There may be glory in the night
That treadeth nations down,
Wreaths for the crimson conqueror,
Frids for the kindly crown;
But nobler is that triumph won
The disenthrall'd find,
While evil passion boweth down
Unto the Godlike mind.

The Story-Teller.

THE GOLD-BUG.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

What he! what he! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.

—All in the Wrong.

Many years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at its narrowest exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the main land by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slimes, a favorite resort of the marsh-birds. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen.

Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during the summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the briarly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point and a line of hard white beach on the sea-coast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable copse, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this copse, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut which he inhabited when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternately enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the banks and through the myrtles, in quest of shells and entomological specimens;—his collection of the latter might have been envied by Swammerdam.

In these excursions, he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverse of the family, but who could be induced, neither by promises nor by threats, to abandon what he considered his rights of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to install this obsequious Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and, in the fall of the year, it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks; my residence being at that time, in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut, I rapped, as was my custom, and, getting no answer, I entered, and found the old negro, who had been manumitted before the reverse of the family, but who could be induced, neither by promises nor by threats, to abandon what he considered his rights of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to install this obsequious Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

"What ails you, Legrand?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of scarabæi at the devil.
"Ah, if I had only known that you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home, I met Lieut. G—, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jupiter down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What—surprise?"
"None!—not the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—with the size of a large hen's egg;—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The antennæ are—"

"Dey aint nigh in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on 'em," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid, every bit of him, inside and out, sep him wing—neber feel him so hebbly a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the occasion demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds have the color?—here he turned to me—"Is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which was a pen and ink, with which he made a rough drawing on a piece of very dirty foolscap, which he extracted from his waistcoat pocket. When the design was complete, he handed it to me; and to speak truth, I found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this is a strange scarabæus, I must confess;—new to me—never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull or a death's head—which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under my observation. But where are the antennæ you spoke of?"

"The antennæ," said Legrand, who seemed to get unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the antennæ. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them;" and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper, but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively no antennæ visible, and the whole did bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red;—in another he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared.—As the evening wore away, he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take my leave. He did not press me to remain, but more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this, (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand,) when I received a visit at Charleston from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now? how is your master?"
"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as might be."
"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it.—What does he complain of?"
"Dar! dat's it! him neber plain ob nothin'—but him berry sick for all dat."

"Very sick, Jupiter?—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to his bed?"
"No, dat he aint!—he aint find nohow—dat's jest whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebbly poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick! Hasn't he told you what ails him?"
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more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat d—bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had carried a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the scarabæus, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the mean time I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions, vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

There was something in the tone of this which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could he possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unseated the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.
"Him syfe, massa, and spade."
"Very true; but what are they doing here?"
"Him de syfe and de spade which massa Will siss pon my buyin' for him in de town, and de debil's own lot of money I had to give 'em."

"But what in the name of all that is mysterious is your 'massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"
"Dat's more dan I know, and debil take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know, too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained from Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous empressment which alarmed me, and increased the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale, even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the scarabæus from Lieut. G—.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently. "I obtained it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that scarabæus. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.
"In supposing it to be a bug of real gold!" He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexplicably shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reanimate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly, and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that scarabæus!"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go far to trouble dat bug—you massa siss him for your own self!" Hereupon Legrand arose from his grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from the glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful scarabæus, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a longer one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of fate and of the bug."

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you until you get over this." "You are feverish, and—"

"I felt it, and to say the truth, felt not the slightest indication of fever."
"But you may be ill, and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next—"

"You are mistaken," he interposed, "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"
"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills upon the main land, and in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied, "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"
"It has,"

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."
"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves!"

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad!—but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent?"
"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Do, that's a few fellows. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."
"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"
"Yes, massa Will, hear you ever so plain."
"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it very rotten."
"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro, in a few moments, "but not so very rotten as might be. Mought venture out leetle way pon de limb, by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself?—do you mean?"
"By I mean de bug." "Tis berry hebbly bug. Spoon I drop him down face, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger!"

"You infernal scoundrel!" replied Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that?—As sure as you drop that beetle, I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't holla at poor nigger in dat style."
"Well! now listen! If you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go of the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, massa Will—deed I do," replied the negro very promptly—"mos out de de end, now!"
"Out to the end!" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"
"Soon be to de end, massa—o-o-o-o-o!"

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"Well!" replied Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"
"Why, tink nuffin but a skull—somebody been lef him head up de tree, and de crow done gobble chery hit ob de most off!"

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?"
"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why, dis berry curious circumstance, pon my word—dat's a great big nail in de skull what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well, now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you, do you hear?"
"Yes, massa, then—find de left eye of de skull."
"Him! hoo! dat's good! why dare aint no eye lef at all!"

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"
"Yes, I nose dat—nos all bout dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid!"

"To be sure! you are left handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,
"Is de lef eye ob de skull pon de same side as de lef hand ob de skull, too?—cause de skull aint got a bit ob a hand at all—neber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! What do mos wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."
"All dat done, massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug froo de hole—look out for him dare below!"

"Very well!—now keep just as you are for a few minutes."
During this colloquy, no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle which he had suffered to descend was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood.

The scarabæus hung quite clear of any branches, and as it allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string, and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg with great nicety into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle lay, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the branches with the scythe. At the spot thus attained, a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no special relief from such amusement, at any time, and at that particular moment I would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to dig the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, a personal contact with him being made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his phantasy received confirmation by the finding of the scarabæus, or perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be a bug of real gold. A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions, especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas, and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's having the "index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, and at length I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince him, by actual demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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